

Bad Mother Trucker

Eric Church

She drove an '81 Peterbilt 18-wheeler
Jet black with pink mud flaps
It was a mean piece of metal with lightning in the pedal
Thunder comin' out the back
And them boys would chuckle when they saw her buckle
Herself in the captain's seat
But nobody was laughin' when she'd go to passin'
Smilin' at them real sweet
She is hell on wheels where the road meets the rubber
A real gear jammer, a white line wonder
Yeah, you only get one and I wouldn't want another
'Cause mama was a bad mother trucker
(Bad mother) Bad
(Bad mother)
Yeah, she was a bread winner, ain't no stoppin' her
Stayed shot out of a gun
Had me at a truck stop, just north of 40
In her cab on a flagstaff run
I was raised on jerky from here to Albuquerque
Went to school on her ol' CB
She made a name for herself, taught me how to spell
R-E-S-P-E-C-T
She is hell on wheels where the road meets the rubber
A real gear jammer, a white line wonder
Yeah, you only get one and I wouldn't want another
'Cause mama was a bad mother, bad mother, bad mother
Bad mother trucker, baby (Bad mother)
(Bad mother)
Bad
(Bad mother)
(Bad mother)
She's the reason I rock, the reason I roll
I make my livin' on this road
The reason that smoke stays in the stack
My gone don't wanna go back
Bad mother, bad mother, bad mother, bad mother, bad mother
Bad mother, bad mother, bad mother, bad mother
Bad mother, bad mother, bad mother trucker, baby
(Bad mother) Bad mother trucker, baby
(Bad mother) Yeah, she's bad
(Bad mother) She's a bad mother trucker
(Bad mother) Bad mother trucker, baby
(Bad mother) She's a bad mother trucker
(Bad mother) She's a bad mother trucker

(Bad mother)
(Bad mother)
(Bad mother)
(Bad mother) She's a bad mother trucker, baby
(Bad mother) She's a bad mother trucker, baby
(Bad mother)

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